PRINCESS COQUEDŒUF

AND

PRINCE BONBON,

A HISTORY

AS ANCIENT AS IT IS AUTHENTIC,

TRANSLATED

FROM THE NEUSTRIAN TONGUE INTO FRENCH

By M. DEGBACOBUB,

AND

FROM FRENCH INTO ENGLISH

By R. C.

F. R. S. A. S. S. ACAD. PAR. VIND. PETROP. HOLM. LUGD. GOT. COMPL. EBUR. DUBL. ABERD. MEDIOL. PATAV. BURD. FLOR. SION. ROTHOM. GRUBST. SOCIUS PASTOR ARCADE, &c. &c. &c.

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JUL

HISTORICAL AND CHRONOLOGICAL

PREFACE.

In the vaſt excavations which have been lately diſcovered at Montmartre near Paris, after much labour and expence, a treaſure was found, infinitely more precious than gold and ſilver, the object of the ſearch.

This was a beautiful piece of jaſper, not unlike a ſarcophagus,

of antique form, adorned with figures in baſſo-relievo.

It contained a box of bronze, and this incloſed another of rare and incorruptible wood, within which was a vaſe of agate that held a ſimilar caſket of rock cryſtal, through which could be diſcerned a box of gold, chaſed in a moſt exquiſite ſtyle.

It was immediately opened, and from it was drawn, to the great joy of all preſent, a ſmall book of vellum, neatly bound, and written

in

in letters of gold, but the words were in a language nobody could underſtand.

In vain was every perſon called in that had any ſkill in foreign tongues, all acknowledged their ignorance of this.

With as little ſucceſs were conſulted the cabaliſts, the almanack-makers, and even the initiated in the impenetrable myſteries of Free-maſonry.

Curioſity led me with many others to admire this valuable piece

of antiquity; I was allowed to take the ſacred depoſit into my hands, and with a moſt agreeable ſurpriſe, inſtantly perceived that the book was written in the Neuſtrian Tongue, in all the purity with which it is ſpoken to this day in the villages of the land of wiſdom.

The long journies I had taken through thoſe fertile provinces having brought me tolerably acquainted with the language, I offered to tranſlate the book, and was taken at my word.

That tranſlation I here lay before

ſore the public; but I am very apprehenſive that, in ſpite of my ſcrupulous attention never to deviate from the original, I have ſuffered many admirable beauties to eſcape me.

It is difficult to aſcertain who was the author of this inimitable hiſtory, or at what time he flouriſhed. The moſt probable opinion we can form is, that the perſon whoſe hiſtory he relates may have lived about ſome five or ſix hundred centuries before the foundation of Albalonga.

fore the palaces; but I am very apprehensive that, in spite of my scrupulous attention never to deviate from the original, I have suffered many admirable beauties to escape me.

It is difficult to ascertain who was the author of this inimitable history, or at what time he flourished. The most probable opinion we can form is, that the person whose history he relates may have lived about some five or six hundred centuries before the foundation of [illegible].

PRINCESS

PRINCESS COQUEDOEUF

AND

PRINCE BONBON,

A HISTORY NO LESS ANCIENT THAN TRUE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king whoſe noſe was ſo long, ſo very long, that, although the extremity was rolled on a bobbin and carried by two pages (who received nothing a day, and were to find themſelves in board, lodging, and raiment), its tremendous volume and the inflexibility of its cartilages made it neceſſary to knock off the corners of the ſtreets in his capital, that

 the

the monarch might have room to turn when he choſe to take a walk.

Now as this noſe, which increaſed daily, was troubled with moſt intolerable itchings, the phyſicians of the houſehold, after many tedious conſultations, could hit on no better expedient to allay theſe cuticular prickings, than to order a proper quantity of Croquignoles, or fillips, to be inceſſantly adminiſtered to the good prince's olfactory tube. From this preſcription he acquired the nickname of King Croquignolet.

His majeſty was extremely ſtingy, and every ſhilling it coſt him in fillips went to his heart; in order therefore to get rid of the expence of hiring

fillippers,

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fillippers, he, in his great wiſdom, transferred the load to the ſhoulders of his beloved ſubjects, by ordering parties of fifty men each to attend and perform ſtatute labour upon his noſe. One gang was kept cloſe to this ſevere exerciſe for a limited time, and then relieved by another, to the great annoyance and oppreſſion of his good people. So noted was he for avarice, that in thoſe days it was not uſual to ſay ſuch an one is a ſkinflint, a curmudgeon, but ſuch a one is a Croquignolet, by a ſly alluſion to the king's name; to ſuch a pitch of refinement had the wits of that age arrived.

This king never would marry, from a dread of the expences attending a wedding, a wife, and a nurſery; other-

wiſe he might have thrown his handkerchief where he liked, for he had not only plenty of gold in his coffers, and one of the beſt improved kingdoms in the country, but in his youth he was rather a ſmart figure of a prince, and had not always carried about a noſe that made a monſter of him. This unfortunate expanſion of the naſal membranes took place quite ſuddenly, and in the manner which ſhall be hereafter related.

While therefore the king had as yet a noſe that would allow him to ſnap up flies on a wall, many good matches in the neighbourhood were propoſed to him; but he never would lend an ear to any offers whatever, for the reaſons above ſtated, and perhaps alſo not a little

little from the apprehenſion of being enrolled nolens volens in a certain confraternity, which was then in the infancy of its eſtabliſhment, but has ſince increaſed amazingly.

Nevertheleſs, from a deſire which he felt in common with other great men, he could not help longing for progeny to inherit his riches, and to prevent his dominions from going after his death to ſome diſtant relations, whom, of courſe, he hated moſt cordially.

To have children without a helpmate was at that time, as it is now, rather a difficult matter. Upon this knotty point the king conſulted all the eminent phyſicians in the pariſh, promiſing mountains of gold, and mean-

ing to reward with bows and ſcrapes any man that would teach him this admirable ſecret. The lure of reward gave ſpirit to the learned, and ſet them upon rummaging all their muſty old books; but after a moſt painful and fruitleſs ſearch, they were obliged to confeſs themſelves incapable of affording him any aſſiſtance in his project.

You muſt know that fairies were not ſo common then as they are now-a-days, the oldeſt of them was not out of leading ſtrings, otherwiſe the good prince would have been preſently accommodated.

Difficulties ſerved only to ſtimulate him, and he carried on his ſearch with ſuch perſeverance, that at laſt he

gained

gained intelligence of a famous wizard in the land of Gotham, a very prodigy of ſcience, to whom the world is indebted for old Robin's Almanack, the Court Calendar, the Attorney's Vade-Mecum, the Lady's Diary, and the Gentleman's Magazine.

He was known by the name of Dortdunœil, which in his native tongue implies, that from his infancy he had accuſtomed himſelf to keep always ſix of his eyes open, while the other ſlept, and that for fear of being caught napping. His learning and power afforded matter of converſation to the whole univerſe.

He firſt made known to mankind that after a ſtorm comes a calm; that

it is day when the ſun is riſen; that dead men tell no tales; that ſhops ſhut are a ſure ſign of Sunday; that all cats are grey in the dark; and that as ſoon as the ſun is ſet, there are many beaſts in the ſhade.

He taught men of his generation a variety of ſecrets unknown to their forefathers, ſuch as to bring their nobleto ninepence, andtheir ninepence to nothing; to build caſtles in the air; to ſcratch where it does not itch; to count your chickens before they are hatched; to light the candle at both ends; to take the wrong ſow by the ear; to fall between two ſtools; to put the cart before the horſe; to ſend one's wits a wool-gathering; to ſhut the ſtable door when the ſteed is ſtolen; to bite

bite the bridle; to buy a pig in a poke; to ſhoot with a long bow; to eat one's white bread firſt; to be in a brown ſtudy; to outrun the conſtable; to ſet a beggar on horſeback; to catch old birds with chaff; to reckon without your hoſt; to make one believe the moon is made of green cheeſe; to ſell a bargain; to ſhew your teeth when you cannot bite; to give the devil his due; to make velvet of a ſow's ear; to bring griſt to the mill; to laugh on the wrong ſide of the mouth; to look like an owl in an ivy buſh; and a ſtring of valuable diſcoveries, which, had it not been for his lucubrations, would have remained for ever unknown.

He was the firſt who ſaid that if the

ſky fell we ſhould catch larks; that ſheep belong to thoſe who have a right to the wool; that you muſt not ſpur a willing ſteed; that you muſt not look a gift horſe in the mouth; that a hair in ſoup and a fifth wheel to a coach were two uſeleſs things; that you had better leave your child's noſe dirty than pull it off; that the proof of the pudding is in the eating; that he who is afraid of wolves muſt keep out of the wood; that he who graſps all may come to loſe all; that a man muſt be very unfortunate to fall backwards without breaking his noſe; that if you dreſs your meat in an earthen pot, you need not fear verdigreaſe; that one man had better ſteal a horſe than another look over a hedge; that there is a great difference

between

between a woman and a faggot; that a burnt child dreads the fire; that it is merry in the hall when beards wag all; that money makes the mare to go; that if you wait for a dead man's ſhoes you will long go barefoot; with many other acute ſentences, which I would repeat were I bleſſed with a leſs treacherous memory.

It has been ſaid alſo, but I ſcarce credit it, that he diſcovered the admirable ſecret how to boil eggs hard, to train dogs up to bark at the moon, and to teach horſes to ſtumble in the ſmootheſt roads.

It is however paſt all doubt that he was the author of thoſe inimitable ſongs, Lillibullero, Ally Croaker, Death and the

the Lady, Bobbing Joan, O my Kitten, Hosier's Ghost, and the Black Joke, which are even to this day the delight and wonder of the world.

I should never have ended were I to attempt to reckon up with accuracy all the rare talents which great Dortdunœil possessed; let it suffice to say, that he was naturally very obliging, and seldom rejected a petition, provided the suppliant took care never to pronounce the monosyllables Yes and No; for on account of some magical combinations, which I have not been able to unravel, he had contracted such an antipathy to those two short words, that he not only never suffered them to escape his lips, but inflicted the severest punishment on any person that inadvert-

inadvertently made ufe of them in his prefence. Croquignolet was informed of the circumftance, and properly cautioned by thofe who directed him to this incomparable magician.

Their inftructions hit the king's fancy, and he immediately fet out in queft of him, without any attendants, and in the habit of a pilgrim; under pretence that he was bound by a vow to undertake the journey on foot: but in reality it was only a plan of economy. I have even been affured that, to fave his own fhoes, he borrowed a pair from one of his courtiers, who durft not refufe him; however this anecdote requires confirmation. Be that as it may, the good king Croquignolet, with a palmer's ftaff in his hand, and fcallop-

ſcallopſhells on his hat and ſhoulders, partly on foot and partly walking, jogged on over hill and dale, ſinging tantarara all the way, and accepting of any alms beſtowed by the charitable ſouls he met, when he thought nobody that knew him was in ſight. At laſt he reached the land of Gotham, great part of which he traverſed, till he arrived at a hill, where on the brow he eſpied the much wiſhed for Dortdunœil.

This ſage was a ſurly looking old fellow, leaning on a long ſceptre of wood tipped with an iron crook; his dreſs was not magnificent, nay it ſavoured rather of meanneſs, as being only of pure pantagruelion *, that uſe-

* Vide Rabelais, Book III. Chap. xlvii.

ful plant ſo renowned for curing the ſore throat.

A large flock of white animals nearly all of a ſize obeyed the voice of the magician, and never dared leave his ſide: his loins were girt with a broad belt made of the hide of an ox or a cow, I have not been able to learn which; by an iron chain was faſtened to his waiſt a ſort of rough ſhaggy monſter, which ſuperficial obſervers would have taken for a dog, becauſe it barked like a dog, had the head of a dog, the coat of a dog, the body of a dog, the tail of a dog; yet it was not a dog————

it was a bitch.

To ſpeak the truth in two words, this Dortdunœil, ſo great, ſo wiſe, ſo renowned, was neither more nor leſs than a ſhepherd; but a ſhepherd that underſtood better things than the bare watching of his flock.

As ſoon as Croquignolet perceived the ſage, he made his beſt bow, and lowered his bonnet to the ground; he was even beginning a moſt eloquent harangue that he had gotten by heart, and which, conſidering it was his own compoſition, was far from wanting merit; but Dortdunœil did not give him time—I know, ſaid the wizard haſtily, what brings thee here; anſwer ſimply the queſtions I am going to put to thee,

thee, and I ſhall then be able to judge whether or not thou deſerveſt the favour thou ſoliciteſt at my hands—Doſt thou know who I am?

Oh dear, anſwered Croquignolet, if I did not know you, ſhould I have come from ſuch a diſtance to ſeek you out?

Art thou not a king averſe to wedlock?—Why ſhould I not be ſo?

In ſpite of thy averſion, doſt thou not long to have children?

If I did would there be any harm in it?

I am ſatisfied, ſaid the ſeer; thou

wert a ruined man, hadſt thou anſwered my interrogatories by the odious monoſyllables of affirmation and denegation; promiſe me that thou wilt not make uſe of them till thou re-enter the limits of thine own kingdom—I only wait for this promiſe to ſend thee home content.

Theſe delightful ſounds overwhelmed Croquignolet with joy—he fell on his knees, and intoxicated with rapture exclaimed, Yes, I promiſe, I promiſe.

No ſooner had the fatal word eſcaped from his lips, than Dortdunœil became furious, his eyeballs flaſhed lightning, his mouth ſputtered fire and thunder, he clapped his hand to it, and gave a tremendous whiſtle that ſhook the very atmoſphere.

atmoſphere. At that inſtant the largeſt ſheep of the flock ran between the legs of the planet-ſtruck monarch, ſwelled itſelf to a gigantic ſize, and gallopped off full ſpeed with the unfortunate Croquignolet, who had nothing left for it but to hold as faſt as he could by the wool, for fear of breaking his neck.

The ſheep ran without drawing bit nine days and nine nights, and, by the beſt calculation, travelled in that ſpace of time four thouſand three hundred and ſeventy-ſeven leagues, at the end of which the animal ſtopped ſhort on the edge of a precipice; here it pitched its rider headlong into a deep ravine, where he rolled over and over among rocks and ſtones, and at laſt ended his

tumbling all bruiſed and battered at the feet of a moſt hideous monſter.

Though this creature had a human figure, it could not be ſaid to be a man, becauſe its head was of wood, its eyes of emerald, its beard of moſs, its hair of wire, its ears of cork, its teeth of boiled leather, its noſe of paſteboard, its hands of horn, its arms of braſs, its body of glaſs, its legs of earth, and its feet of iron. Oh oh, ſaid the monſter, as ſoon as he ſaw the king come tumbling down, here is ſomething to ſet our bell agoing, we have long been without a peal for want of a clapper. After this exclamation he faſtened Croquignolet by the heels under a huge bell that hung between two rocks, ſo that his head ſerved for a clapper, and would

ſoon

ſoon have been beaten to a jelly, if the monſter had not rendered it as hard as adamant, by rubbing it over with a certain ointment, of which he alone knew the compoſition.

This recipe, which was then ſo rare, is now become very common, and for that reaſon we have a greater number of hard heads among us than our anceſtors had.

This was the ſpot where the grand aſſembly of witches and wizards was uſually held, and the bell ſummoned them to the meeting—its ſound was diſtinctly heard ten thouſand leagues off, and at the firſt ſtroke all the diabolical brethren were wont to beſtride

their brooms, and hie away to the rendezvous.

Croquignolet remained in this awkward poſture three months, five days, ſeven hours, four minutes, and three ſeconds, without any thing to ſupport life but a clyſter of muſtard, which the monſter adminiſtered every morning. He bore his penance with admirable reſignation, under the conſoling thought, that at leaſt his living coſt him nothing. He would be there ſtill but for a lucky accident—One day, I think it was the eve of midſummer, the whole nation of magicians and ſorcereſſes being aſſembled by the ſound of the bell, was ſumptuouſly entertained by Dortdunœil. Towards the end of the repaſt, when the appetite is apt to

grow fantaſtical, a cock of the company took it into his head to long for carrier's ſauce, but not one of the cooks was found knowing enough to compoſe it. The capricious gueſt was going off in a dudgeon, and had already put his foot in the ſtirrup to mount his broomſtick, when Croquignolet bawled out from under the bell, that he knew very well how to make that ſauce, and if they would let him out, he would prove to the whole company that he was no braggadocio; and truly he ſpoke with confidence, for he had formerly ſtudied ſome old cookery-books, with the idea that one day or other he might be able to dreſs his own dinner, and ſave a cook's wages.

Dortdunœil commanded him to be

unhooked, and promiſed that if he was as good as his word, he ſhould not only be ſet at liberty, but ſhould alſo be bleſſed with progeny. The king put on a white night-cap and apron, and fell to work with ſuch alacrity and ſkill, that in a trice he ſet before the company a meſs of carrier's ſauce, ſo ſavoury, and ſo delicious, that the gueſts even licked their fingers after it.

Dortdunœil was highly delighted, and for recompence beſtowed upon him two eggs, of which he inſtructed him to keep one with the niceſt care, and to break the other as ſoon as he ſhould reach his own capital.

The grateful monarch was going to launch out into a long and tedious

ſtring

ſtring of acknowledgments — thrice he opened his mouth to ſpeak, thrice his utterance was choaked by an involuntary ſtretch of the jaws, till at laſt the yawning ended in a ſound ſleep, of the duration of which he could form no idea. On waking he was agreeably ſurpriſed to find himſelf in the middle of his own palace, with the two eggs cloſe by his ſide. At the ſight of them all remembrance of paſt ſufferings vaniſhed. He immediately cauſed the grandees of the realm to be ſummoned, and, after making a recital of the eventful circumſtances of his painful pilgrimage, took up one of the eggs, and, in obedience to the beheſt of the mighty Dortdunœil, broke the ſhell with great ſolemnity. In the twinkling of an eye out darted a little female figure, blooming

ing as the dawn of day, arrayed in coſtly ſilks, and more loaded with pearls and jewels than a nabob's favourite miſtreſs. Wonderful to relate! This angelic pigmy increaſed in height and ſize viſibly and rapidly, till ſhe attained the ſtature and ſhape of a girl of fifteen, endowed with ſuch matchleſs grace, exquiſite beauty, and captivating ſprightlineſs, as had never before been ſeen united in one perſon. The ſpectators ſtood petrified with their mouths open, and dumb through amazement; the king himſelf did not dare to ſpeak. The young princeſs, who was ſoon afterwards chriſtened Coquedœuf by the acclamation of the whole aſſembly, on account of her extraordinary mode of coming into the world, and the dazzling whiteneſs of her ſkin, was

the

the firſt to break this awful ſilence, with a voice more ſoft than a German flute. She addreſſed theſe elegant words to the prince—Sire, I am well apprized of the infinite obligations I have to you, and the hardſhips you have generouſly undergone to procure for me the bleſſings of exiſtence. Every day of my life ſhall be conſecrated to gratitude, and ſhall prove to you the reſpect and love ſuch a daughter bears to ſuch a father.

The king, in raptures of wonder and tenderneſs, preſſed her to his boſom, calling her his little darling, his jewel, and a hundred other pretty names. He bathed her face with tears of joy, while ſimilar drops trickled down her cheeks, ſo that the bowels

of

of every ſpectator yearned at the melting ſcene, and ſome began to ſob, ſome to blubber, ſome to bray, ſome to bleat, and all to load Croquignolet with compliments on ſuch a miraculous production.

The charming nymph again addreſſed the king—I know not what are to be the events deſtined to fill up the term of my mortal exiſtence, but I do know, that as I have had no infancy, I ſhall have no old age, and ſhall extend my life to a very late period, without loſing any of the charms heaven has beſtowed upon me, or ever perceiving their original freſhneſs diminiſh. My good or bad fortune is attached to the egg, which the ſage Dortdunœil recommended ſo ſtrenuouſly to your

care

care—I muſt always bear it about with me, therefore I requeſt that you will be ſo good as deliver it over to my charge—ſo ſaying, ſhe opened a little box of chaſed gold ſtudded with ſapphires, and topazes that hung at her girdle by a chain, each link of which was a perforated diamond: the inſide of the box was lined with a crimſon down, infinitely ſofter than the fineſt ſilk or cotton; upon this ſhe with a nice finger laid the precious egg, and then ſhut down the lid by means of a ſpring known only to herſelf, and ſo delicately formed that the eye of a lynx could not diſcover it.

Nothing was thought of throughout the kingdom but feaſts, ſhews, and rejoicings, for the birth of this heireſs

to

to the throne: the pooreſt ſubject ambitiouſly endeavoured to ſignalize himſelf by diſplaying before his cottage-door trophies and garlands of egg-ſhells—every egg in the country was uſed on this glorious occaſion, and it was even found neceſſary to have a large importation from foreign parts to ſupply the demand. The ſquares and ſtreets, thus decorated on all ſides, formed a moſt brilliant ſpectacle.

The feſtivities would have laſted much longer had they not been interrupted by a ſhocking diſaſter.

Croquignolet poſſeſſed within the purlieus of his royal reſidence, a moſt wonderful pool of ſugared pap, which produced a conſiderable revenue, for all

all the nurſes of the neighbourhood dealt with him, and purchaſed daily large quantities for their nurſlings. The king ſat behind a counter, ſaw the commodity drawn up, and received the money himſelf. Beſides the ſaving in the management of this branch by doing the duty in perſon, he alſo avoided the receipts paſſing through the fingers of clerks and contractors, where in thoſe days, as in theſe, nothing was more common than for the gold to ſtick.

In this pond, ſo valuable and dear to Croquignolet, was hid the ſource of all his misfortunes; while he, good ſimple man, was thinking ſolely of revels and amuſements with his loyal ſubjects, behold one afternoon there appeared

at the palace gate a car drawn by twelve ſnails as big as life, harneſſed with ribbons of onion peel, their horns decked out with bunches of chives, ſhalots-leaves, and tufts of leek. In this chariot, which was nothing but a ſcooped pumpkin, ſat in ſtately pride a diminutive female under three feet high, with a face half an ell wide, in the very center of which ſomething grew out of the ſize of a muſtard-ſeed, and in the form of a noſe, but ſcarce diſcernible without a microſcope.

To make amends, cloſe under this viſage was ſpread out ſo voluminous a boſom, that when its fair proprietor went out on foot, ſhe was under the neceſſity of puſhing before her a little wheelbarrow, on which reſted her

protuberant treaſures. This ſuper-abundance had cauſed her in her early days to be ſolicited to ſuckle the thirteen cantons of Switzerland that were then juſt come into the world; but ſhe generouſly declined this honour, having a great ſhare of modeſty, and little ambition. Two ſhining tails of ſcate were elegantly entwined in the braid of her frizly hair, and fell flapping with great grace upon her ſhoulders, a rope of onions was her necklace, and two large turnips her ear-drops. Her jacket was made of a beautiful pair of indentures which ſhe had bought cheap of an attorney's clerk in a neighbouring kingdom.

It was trimmed and furbelowed with girkins and acorns—now gueſs if you

can who this little fat creature was, whom I have before my eyes every time I think of her.—Why—an ogreſs; for although fairies were not yet to be met with in the world, nothing was more common than ogres and ogreſſes. This lady had broken all her teeth with cracking wafers and macaroons, and now found great difficulty in chewing freſh meat, which was as mortifying a privation to her as it was a comfort to all the little boys and girls of the neighbourhood. She was nicknamed Cangcang, becauſe the ſmallneſs of her naſal paſſages made her ſnuffle to a moſt ridiculous degree. Thus elegantly arrayed, Cangcang ſtepped out of her carriage, and walked majeſtically up to the hall where the honeſt king was carouſing with his

cronies,

cronies, and far from dreaming of the approaching mifchief.

Prince, fays fhe, behold the ogrefs Cangcang, who this day vouchfafes to ftoop fo low as to afk a favour of thee. Cruel fate has reduced me to the neceffity of living upon pap, and I am come to requeft that thou wilt affign over to me a certain pond that is within thy demefne—Before thou returneft an anfwer, recollect that I have the power of taking by force what thou mayeft make a merit of by yielding it handfomely to my mild entreaties.

Marry, come up, roars out Croquignolet, 'tis for thy button of a nofe, to be fure, that I have kept my pap—a

pretty ſnivelling ſprig of a ſprout, truly, to thruſt into my pond.

The good king, who was rather a little mellow, uttered theſe words with his middle finger extended towards the centrical point of Cangang's phyſiognomy, and immediately all his boon companions, like true courtiers, joined in a horrible chorus of—What a noſe, what a ſnivelling pimple of a noſe!

The ogreſs ſwelled with fiery indignation, her broad face and ample cheſt bluſhed like the wattles of a turkey-cock; and ſoon with a furious ſpring ſhe ruſhed upon the king, and diſcharged a thundering fillip on the bridge of his noſe, muttering at the

ſame

ſame time ſome magical words nobody could underſtand. Then quick as thought jumped into her car, and was whirled away full gallop by her ſnails.

The king's noſe inſtantly ſhot out a whole foot, and continued extending itſelf with ſuch rapidity, that the attendants were obliged to run for a bobbin, upon which they rolled it, as you have read in the beginning of this true hiſtory; it ſprouted ſo faſt, that but for this expedient it would have reached from one end of his realm to the other. The malicious witch was not ſatisfied with this puniſhment, but likewiſe laid violent hands upon the pool of pap, ſo that the poor king beheld on the ſame day, and with the ſame poignancy of

grief, the increaſe of his noſe and the decreaſe of his revenue.

By this time the beauty of Coquedœf had made a prodigious noiſe in all the circumjacent kingdoms. Prince Merluche, ſovereign of the pickled iſland, ſent ambaſſadors to demand her in marriage, and as he was well apprized of the covetous nature of Croquignolet, offered to take her without a fortune, to be at the whole expence of the wedding, and moreover to ſend him every year magnificent preſents of cod, herrings, and anchovies, ſufficient for the Lent-conſumption of the whole court. He added alſo, that for the embelliſhment of the palace, he would erect a magnificent bog-houſe out of his own pocket-money. Theſe propoſals were

too congenial to the ſoul of the avaricious monarch not to make an immediate impreſſion on his mind. So charmed was he with the bargain, that he accepted of the offer without conſulting the inclinations of his daughter on the ſubject; yet in common juſtice he ought to have done it, as Merluche had nothing in him, nor about him, likely to captivate ſo delicate a heart as hers; his ſkin was tawny, his figure ſquat, his brain addle, his propenſities filthy, and his whole body as ſtinking as a fiſh-woman's baſket.

In addition to theſe charms, he was endowed with malignity, vanity, and ambition; he always took it for granted that every woman he met was in love with him, and he really thought he

 conde-

condefcended very much in ftooping fo low as Coquedœuf. When his ambaffadors returned with the king's confent, he mounted his fea cock-and-bull, ordered a numerous fuite to attend armed with the fnouts of the fwordfifh, and covered with cuiraffes of mufcle-fhells, and at the head of this gallant troop proceeded to the Croquignoletian court. Meanwhile the king gave orders that all preparations for the nuptials fhould be fecretly made; and when he heard every thing was in readinefs, he appointed a day for the ceremony, and fending for his daughter, who little fufpected the misfortune that was impending, thus addreffed her.

Thou canft not but be fenfible, my dear

dear child, of the tenderneſs with which I have always treated thee. I mean this day to give thee a glorious proof of my parental affection, by preſenting thee with a dainty jewel of a huſband; he is in excellent circumſtances, really a warm man, poſſeſſed of goods and chattels, houſes and lands, ſtock and funds; in a word, it is prince Merluche, whom from this moment thou muſt look upon as thy betrothed ſpouſe, for in three days the marriage will certainly be performed—What, doſt thou not ſay a word? Come, come, my chicken, throw thy arms round papa's neck, and kiſs him for the good tidings.

Coquedœuf ſhuddered at this unexpected

pected intelligence, and threw herſelf at her father's feet.

Oh, ſir, cried ſhe, if ever I was dear to you, if by my dutiful behaviour I have merited that tenderneſs you boaſt of, in the name of all the gods above, do not force me from your arms to go and ſigh away my days in a ſtrange court, overwhelmed with grief at being driven from your auguſt preſence.

Daughter, anſwered the king, thy goodneſs of heart melts me, this parting will be as painful to me at leaſt as to thyſelf; but my word is engaged, ſolid reaſons have determined me to pledge it, and nothing now can prevent my keeping to my engagement,

ſo

ſo no reply; and remember, that though I entreat, I have a right to command.

After this rant, which he had read in ſome tragedy, and was very proud of having brought in ſo apropos, he turned upon his heel, and left her to chew the cud on her doleful reflections. She was going to lock herſelf up in her room to give vent to her tears, when the cauſe of them was announced.

Merluche entered rudely, and ran to catch the ſorrowful maid in his arms—with no ſmall difficulty did ſhe drive him back.—You muſt be overcome with joy, Coquedœuf, ſays he, you little huſſy, to ſee ſuch a pretty fellow as I am ſue for your hand. I really

think you much above par, and not undeſerving of my choice; and I only feel a moderate degree of embarraſſment at the fooliſh ſtep I am going to take.

The native meekneſs of the princeſs prevented her from diſcovering all the indignation ſhe felt at this brutal harangue.

Prince, replied ſhe, I feel as I ought to do all the honour your choice confers upon me; I know you have obtained my father's conſent, but if generoſity or compaſſion have any ſway in your breaſt, have pity on an unfortunate princeſs, who feels the utmoſt antipathy for the married ſtate.

Stuff

Stuff and nonſenſe! exclaimed Merluche. My granny, who was no fool, has often told me that girls always look ſilly when a huſband is propoſed to them, but that it is a mere copy of their countenance; and I myſelf am not ſuch a novice as not to perceive that you view me with an eye of concupiſcence. Ah! you would fain have me faſt tied, you gipſy you.

I vow to the gods, cried Coquedœuf with great animation, that I ſpeak from the bottom of my ſoul, I know not the art of diſguiſing my ſentiments, and I ſwear that I have diſcloſed their true ſtate to you.

So much the worſe, my darling, ſo much the worſe, ſaid Merluche, but we

we know how to bring down that proud heart of yours—by way of softening it, come here, and let me give you a kiſs.

So ſaying, he ſtept forward, and with matchleſs effrontery ſtruggled to embrace her. You inſolent fellow, cried ſhe, hands off, check your aſſurance, or dread the conſequences of my reſentment.

Merluche, who by no means expected ſo vigorous a repulſe, looked like a dog that has loſt his tail, hung his ears, ſcratched his head, and ſneaked off without ſaying another word.

As for the lady, ſhe had made ſuch efforts during this conteſt, that ſhe

was

was quite overcome, and fainted away into the arms of her attendants.

The ſwoon laſted ſo long, that her maids began to fear that ſhe would never open her eyes again, and therefore thought it high time to inform his majeſty of the urgent danger.

A certain waiting woman called Bonbec was deputed with the information; ſhe was the greateſt chatterer I ever knew, and of courſe undertook the commiſſion with infinite alacrity, as it opened ſo fine a field for the exertion of the talent ſhe had received from heaven. Nobody underſtood better than ſhe the art of ſaying very few things in a great many words; ſhe never pronounced four together without

inter-

interlarding them with at leaſt as many proverbs, from which propenſity ſome acute chronologers have inferred that there muſt exiſt a near relationſhip between her and the illuſtrious Sancho Panca, the flower of ſquires-errant, in as much as it appears, that the uncle of one was the aunt of the other.

Bonbec gave the king an account of facts ſuch as was to be expected from ſo oily a tongue; ſhe exaggerated the brutality of Merluche, wept bitterly at the recollection of her miſtreſs's fainting-fit, which ſhe was ſure had already killed her, declaimed violently againſt the barbarity of parents, and would have treated his majeſty with the hiſtory of one of her own female relations, who in a ſimilar ſituation

hanged

hanged herſelf in her garters; but Croquignolet had ſlipt away in the middle of her diſcourſe, and flown to the apartment of his dear daughter. By his exertions, and thoſe of her women, the diſtreſſed damſel was at laſt rouſed from her ſyncope; ſhe feebly raiſed her lovely eyes, but it was only to open them as ſluices to two floods of tears. The king's heart was touched; he repented of his harſhneſs towards this amiable child, and promiſed to go immediately, and do his utmoſt to withdraw his promiſe from Merluche.

This aſſurance quieted poor Coquedœuf a little. Away went the king to Merluche, and repreſented to him that the horrible ſtate into which his behaviour had thrown the princeſs,

and her invincible averſion to wedlock, obliged him to break off, or at leaſt to defer, the intended union.

Merluche, whoſe paſſions were more inflamed by reſiſtance than love, took this compliment with a kind of bitter-ſweet grin, which indeed Croquignolet expected would be the caſe.

Well, ſays Merluche, ſince you have changed your mind, you may do what you pleaſe with your wonderful Coquedœuf—here's a precious jewel indeed to make ſuch a fuſs about. I ſhall find princeſſes enough, I warrant you, that will jump at the offer, and think themſelves very happy to call me their little hubby—Set down as nothing, if you will, the high honour of an alli-

ance

ance with the houſe of Merluche, but perhaps you may think the friendſhip between me and the ogreſs Cangcang of ſome conſequence, and my protection with her worth reckoning. I am very nearly related to and connected with her—you muſt know that my great grandfather married to his firſt wife the godmother of the father of the niece of a man, whoſe couſin german had been in love with the aunt of the huſband of the god-daughter, who had a relation a great friend of this ogreſs; moreover, my grandfather and hers were our two grandfathers.—I leave you to judge, after that, if ſhe could refuſe me, were I to requeſt of her to reduce your noſe to its original dimenſions, and reſtore the lake of ſweet pap ſhe has run away with.

 At

At the bare mention of the reſtitution of his pond of pap, Croquignolet, who had never made up his mind to the loſs, and who would have ſacrificed all his family, and himſelf into the bargain, to gratify his thirſt after wealth, ſprang from his ſeat, and threw his arms round Merluche's neck; he ſwore he was the moſt accompliſhed prince under the ſun, that Coquedœuf was a little ſimpleton not to do juſtice to his merit, and that he ſhould have her dead or alive, though it were to make her heart-ſtrings crack with vexation.

After this fine promiſe, he returned to his daughter, and thus harangued her. I had promiſed, my poor dear child, to cancel my engagement with

prince Merluche, and I have been trying all the arts of perſuaſion to force him to compliance—but in vain—And if thou didſt but know how noble his offers are, perhaps thou wouldſt make make an effort, and accept his hand for the ſake of thy poor papa. If thou, my dear daughter, wilt but take Merluche for thy huſband, he engages that Cangcang ſhall give me a pretty pug noſe, inſtead of this ſeven leagues proboſcis, which ſhe has tacked to my face. The noſe of thy father, of thy king, is at thy mercy, and at thy feet; it is in thy power to decide its deſtiny by one ſingle monoſyllable.

Honeſt Croquignolet was a ſly dog at bottom, and therefore kept clear of all hints about the lake of ſweet pap,

though it was in fact nearer to his heart than his nose, lest his daughter should see what a miserly wretch he was in reality.

Give me, continued he, this last proof of thy affection—I grant thee, Merluche is not a regular beauty, and smells a little of old ling, but thou wilt soon grow accustomed to all that, and besides thou wilt not be the first pretty woman that has married a baboon.

Sire, answered Coquedœuf, I feel such horror when I even think of king Merluche, and such indignation at his insolent behaviour, that I would suffer the cruellest death, rather than the embraces of such an orang-outang; but the consideration of your happiness

neſs outweighs all diſguſts and reluctances, and brings me to do what neither threats nor entreaties could have achieved. I am ready to obey your commands without a murmur, ſince your welfare depends upon my obedience. — You may inform the prince that I am willing to give him my hand at the altar.

Croquignolet embraced his daughter in an ecſtaſy of joy, and ran to impart the pleaſant tidings to his future ſon-in-law, and to give the neceſſary directions for the nuptial ceremony.

As for poor Coquedœuf, ſhe remained in a ſtate of diſmay eaſier to be conceived than deſcribed. Day after day was ſhe obliged to bear the nau-

ſeous courtſhip, and impertinent addreſſes of Merluche, who never quitted her ſide, except when his natural turn for gluttony enticed him out to hunt humbugs, whimwhams, and boglebos, a kind of game he was paſſionately fond of purſuing.

Thoſe were the only moments in which the diſtreſſed heroine could give vent to her tears, and pour her griefs into the boſom of her faithful confident, Bonbec.

Bonbec, who could not form any idea of a woman's crying on the eve of her wedding-day, was not ſparing of bad reaſons for the comfort of her dear miſtreſs.

Why blubber ſo, ſaid ſhe; what good will that do you?

I adviſe you to take patience, which is a plaiſter for all ſores; a bird in the hand is worth two in the buſh; and, as the ſong ſays, nothing like a huſband, though bad is the beſt.—'Tis a good horſe that never ſtumbles, and a good wife that never grumbles.—When we marry, we find that marriage and hanging go by deſtiny; 'tis a lottery, more blanks than prizes, never the barrel the better herring.—Believe me, make the beſt of a bad bargain, a bad buſh is better than the open field, better have half a loaf than no bread.—If hereafter you find it will not do, why then give him a Rowland for his Oliver, let diamond cut diamond, ſet a thief to catch a thief; a

good

good neighbour a good-good-morrow, and he little wots who is to pay the piper.

It is true, that hard with hard makes not the ſtone wall; but let people ſay what they will, he that makes himſelf a ſheep ſhall be eaten by the wolf, and I will always maintain that in a caſe like yours, the wiſeſt way is to get out of the ſcrape as quick as one can.

Bonbec would not have ſtopt ſhort in ſo glorious a career, if the princeſs, who was not endowed, like moſt other ladies of rank, with the art of amuſing her mind with nonſenſe, had not enjoined ſilence.

At laſt the day fixed for the fatal ce-

remony

remony appeared.—The temple was gaily decked, the fidlers were beſpoke, the ſcullions ſet to work to ſkim the kettles and trim the ſpits, the ſtreets ſwept, and all the people drawn out to behold the beautiful bride and her ill-favoured huſband paſs along.—Joy beamed in the eyes of every one, except in thoſe of the diſconſolate Coquedœf, who ſuffered herſelf to be dreſt by Bonbec without uttering a ſyllable, and then to be led to the altar in deep deſpair, but like an innocent victim, without heaving a ſingle ſigh.

The proceſſion came forth in the following order—Firſt, Merluche advanced ſeated on his ſea cock and bull, and eſcorted by his knights.

After him appeared the nose of Croquignolet majestically borne by two pages, and surrounded by fifty of the most distinguished personages of the court, sumptuously apparelled, who, if I may be allowed the expression, continually censed the royal cartilages with fillips. This imparted an air of grandeur and dignity to the whole ceremony, superior to any thing that had ever been seen before.

Next came the monarch in person, handing the afflicted Coquedœuf, whose charms excited the wonder of all the beholders.—On all sides was heard, Oh, how beautiful! Oh, what a pity!

The procession was closed by a number

ber of fifes, drums, flagelets, hand-organs, fowgelders horns, tinkers whiftles, bells, fpeaking trumpets, jews harps, trump marines, bagpipes, frying pans, hurdygurdies, and other wind-inftruments, which altogether formed the moft harmonious concert ever heard.

Thus marched the fplendid pageant, and the leaders were on the point of entering the temple, when fomebody in the crowd bawled out—Oh, there are the cranes paffing over us!

It is proper to inform the reader, that, during fix months of the year, fo prodigious a quantity of thefe birds was wont to crofs over this kingdom, that

that they filled the whole horizon, and ſometimes hid the ſun at noon-day. Now it had happened this year, that the cranes had not made their appearance at the uſual time, which cauſed wiſeacres to augur that the ſtate was menaced with ſome dreadful calamity.

As ſoon therefore as this cry was heard, "There go the cranes, there they paſs," every one was delighted, and turning up his eyes and noſe, anſwered "It is very true, there they are."

The king had in his compoſition a ſtrong doſe of curioſity, the foible of all great minds, and therefore ſtopt ſhort, as well as other people, to ſee the

cranes;

cranes; but the vaſt length of his noſe hindered him from lifting up his head, which was a cruel diſappointment.

A famous engineer, who happened to be preſent, immediately propoſed a plan for fixing the bobbin, on which the huge excreſcence was rolled, to the end of a long forked pole, and thus raiſing it into the air; being a great natural philoſopher, he gueſſed that by this method the head would lie back, and the king be able to look at the cranes perfectly at his eaſe. This expedient meeting with univerſal approbation, was inſtantly put into execution.

So the king had the ſupreme felicity of beholding the cranes, and was ſo

delighted with the ſight, that he ordered a chair to be brought, in order to enjoy it the longer, and with greater convenience.

But, alas! ſcarce had he been ſeated an inſtant, before one of the cranes, that flew rather low, perceived the royal noſe, and miſtaking it for a tripe, darted down voraciouſly, and faſtened upon it; a ſecond followed the example, then a third. In the ſcuffle for their prey, they knocked out the bobbin, and unwound the noſe in a trice—Then a cloud of their companions attacked it, each bird dragging a different way in order to tear off a bit, and the whole forming a ſcene of pitiful riſibility.

You may eaſily imagine to what torture

torture this battle of the fowls put poor Croquignolet; he would ſoon have been carried away by this prodigious flight of devourers, if his ſervants had not held him down by main ſtrength.

As the firſt ſet of birds grew tired with pulling at what they could not break off or ſwallow, freſh mouths ſucceeded, who in the ſame manner miſtook the noſe for a pudding, and fell as ravenouſly and as unſucceſsfully upon it, ſo that the king had no proſpect of his torments ceaſing till the whole army of cranes had paſſed, and that, as I have already told you, would not be in leſs than ſix months.

The whole proceſſion was thrown into confuſion by this ſhocking acci-

dent, and although Merluche, with unparalleled aſſurance, and a total diſregard of all reſpect for the king's ſituation, was ſo loſt to ſhame as to preſs Coquedœuf to proceed and finiſh the ceremony, you may well ſuppoſe his requeſt met with a deſerved repulſe; ſo away he galloped to his dear diverſion of hunting quizzes.

The princeſs repaired haſtily to the palace, and gave the proper orders for collecting together all the beſt phyſicians of the kingdom, in hopes of procuring ſome relief for her father in his urgent peril. Whilſt above an hundred meſſengers were ſcouring the country on this errand, the poor princeſs, who had the beſt little heart in the world, grew almoſt frantic with grief.—She

was

was on her return to the place where her father was ſitting, in order to adminiſter what comfort ſhe could, when, lo! ſhe beheld entering the palace gate a young knight, a perfect Adonis.—I cannot give a juſter idea of his beauty, than by ſaying that, next to Coquedœuf, he was the moſt lovely creature on the face of the earth.

He was mounted on a noble wild jackolanthern, whiter than the driven ſnow; its ſaddle was of gingerbread, the ſtirrups of orange-peel, and the bridle of barley ſugar; the charming rider was covered with a breaſtplate of ſugar-candy, over which was thrown a mantle of preſerved citron, elegantly tucked up with a knot of dried orange flowers. Sixty knights followed him

dreſt in the ſame brilliant ſtyle, bearing rich baſkets made of the film of lemon-peel, and full of ſugar-plums, preſerved walnuts, chocolate drops, paſtilles, crumpets, tarts, ice-creams, petty-pattees, comfits, dried ſweetmeats, aniſeed, caraways, gingerbread nuts, prunes, guimaroons, biſcuits, Bologna ſauſages, Parmeſan cheeſe, Naples waſhballs, whipped ſillabub, jelly, Dutch flummery, treacle cakes, wafers, macaroons, noyau, cherry-brandy, &c. &c. &c.

In ſpite of the black veil of melancholy through which Coquedœuf ſaw every thing at this time, ſhe could not help giving a peep at this gallant cavalcade, and eying with great earneſtneſs the elegant youth, who by the

nobleneſs

nobleneſs of his carriage ſhewed himſelf to be their chieftain—She even whiſpered to her confident Bonbec, that ſhe had never ſeen ſo pretty a fellow at her court before.

That is very true, replied Bonbec, the little rogue is nicely ſhaped—they are in the right to ſay that fair feathers make fair fowls; if a man's name be up, he may lie in bed. Were your baboon of a Merluche cut out after this faſhion, they ſhould not ſee us throw our ſhare of him to the dogs, and ſit weeping like a penthouſe on a thaw; but have patience, man propoſes and heaven diſpoſes; many littles make a mickle; by ſtraw after ſtraw the crow builds her neſt; many a man laughs on Friday eve, who will cry on

Sunday morn; fishermen sometimes catch a toad for a trout, and I have often seen one person beat the bush and another take the bird; some folks are made a cat's paw of to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for others to eat; however, let us not run on before the fidlers; we ought to know a body before we fall in love with him, for all is not gold that glisters, and, as the saying is, the hood does not make the monk; young fellows have almost always honest faces and knavish hearts; and they are generally as giddy as a goose—You know how dangerous it is to give the wolf the wether to keep, or to trust the cat with the cream-pot; I have often told you that it is opportunity makes the thief; even reckonings make long friends; let us go on fair and softly,

ſoftly, leſt they ſay of us, as they lived ſo they die, and, when we have burnt out our candle at both ends, lay the blame at our doors; let the world wag, never care, truſt nobody, that's my adage. But, after all, this is all waſte of words, blown away by the firſt puff, and the tail of the beaſt is always the worſt to flay.

The knight was by this time ſo near the princeſs, that Bonbec was obliged to cut the thread of her judicious counſels.—The youth having reſpectfully ſaluted Coquedœuf by bending his head down to the bow of the very ſaddle, vaulted nimbly out of it, and handed her gallantly up to her apartments, not without leave previouſly aſked and obtained.

The report of your charms, madam, ſaid he, with an air of proper confidence tempered with reſpect, makes more noiſe in the world than all the bells and ordnance of your kingdom; and I now ſee with my own eyes that fame, however divinely ſhe may have drawn your portrait, has in fact made but a ſign-poſt daub compared to the original. I am prince Bonbon, preſumptive heir to the crown of Franchipane—baniſhed from my own country by a chain of misfortunes. I have long wandered over the face of the globe, without any other errand than that of attending feaſts and entertainments. The rejoicings occaſioned by your nuptials have brought me to your court, and I hope you will deign to permit me to contribute to the

ſplendour

ſplendour and ſumptuouſneſs of the feaſt, by laying at your feet ſome rare productions of my native ſoil.

He ceaſed to ſpeak, and his ſixty companions immediately ſpread out the contents of their baſkets on the carpet.

Nothing can be more gallant than your preſent, replied the princeſs; I feel myſelf under infinite obligations to you; but, alas! you have choſen a ſad time for talking of joy and feaſting; if pleaſure be the object of your purſuit, fly from a court buried in affliction by the diſaſter which has befallen my father.

She then gave Bonbon a minute account

count of Croquignolet's miſhap, and ſeaſoned it with a copious flood of tears.

The prince was melted, and then, for the firſt time in his life, felt certain ſtrange emotions about his pericardium.

I confeſs, ſaid he, moſt charming Coquedœuf, that till now I have been a little rakiſh vagabond, thinking of nothing but pleaſure and paſtime; I have hitherto cautiouſly avoided all ſerious ſober company, but the deuce is in it to-day, and I feel myſelf conſtrained to break through the rule I had laid down for my conduct—Yes, too captivating princeſs, yes, I will ſhare the load of affliction that oppreſſes you;

be

be happy if it ſhould be in my power, at the expence of all my ſweetmeats, to reſtore your loſt peace of mind, and render you as bleſſed as you deſerve.

Bonbon declaimed this ſpeech with ſo impaſſioned a tone and geſture, and Coquedœuf ſeemed ſo embarraſſed and perplexed for an anſwer, that certain ſagacious phyſiognomiſts, who had their eye upon them, as they have aſſured me, from that hour ſet it down as a certainty, that theſe young folks would one day or other fall diſtractedly in love with each other.

To change at once your taſte and habits of life out of regard for me, ſaid at laſt the princeſs with ſome degree of heſitation, is a ſacrifice my heart

heart would acknowledge with gratitude, could it at present give admittance to any ſentiments but thoſe of ſorrow. Come, prince, come with me, and be an eye-witneſs of the pitiful diſaſter that bathes my cheeks with tears.

Bonbon handed her down to the ſtreet, where his majeſty remained fixed in the ſame place and poſture; his noſe was ſtill ſoaring in the mid region of the ſky, pulled to and fro by a million of cranes, who but too frequently loſt all reſpect for his dignity, and bedewed the beard and face of the royal ſufferer with the refuſe of their digeſtion.

Croquignolet, who had never been

remarkable for patience, ſtamped and foamed with impotent unavailing rage —The aſſurance that the doctors were at hand, helped a little to aſſuage it.

Bonbon having made him a very pretty ſpeech upon his unfortunate ſituation, offered to lull his ſorrows to reſt by the recital of his own calamitous adventures; the propoſal being accepted, he called for a chair, and placing himſelf under the ſhade of the noſe, between the king and his daughter, began his hiſtory in theſe terms.

HISTORY

OF

PRINCE BONBON.

KING Macaroon, ſovereign of Franchipane, took to wife the princeſs Fanfarinette, the moſt beautiful and accompliſhed woman of the age; ſoon after her marriage ſhe became pregnant, but from a ſurfeit of gingerbread and ſugar-plums, contracted a diſorder that put an end to her life very ſoon after ſhe had brought your humble ſervant into the world. In memory

memory of the cauſe of her malady I was chriſtened Bonbon.

The king was inconſolable for the loſs of his charming wife—Not a day paſt that he did not ſhed a gallon of tears; but, as no grief laſts for ever, he ſoon grew tired of his widowhood, and married the princeſs Vinaigrette. Never was ſo ſtrong a contraſt as that between my mother, who was all ſweetneſs, and benevolence, and Vinaigrette, who was malicious, envious, prying, peeviſh, and untractable.

She took me in thorough dudgeon, which grew up to a bitter hatred, as ſoon as ſhe had produced a child of her own, named Coquedenoix, from the

the tawny hue of her ſkin, and perhaps alſo from her mother's paſſion for walnuts, with which ſhe always had her pockets ſtuffed.

The new queen ſoon diſplayed the aſcendancy ſhe had acquired over the eaſy temper of Macaroon, by moſt wantonly altering the arms of the empire, which had been invariably borne by my anceſtors for fifteen or twenty thouſand years; gules an ox's head, between two cocks' legs, croſſed in ſaltire proper—Inſtead of gules, ſhe made the field purpure, and for an ox's head and the cocks' legs, ſubſtituted the head of a cow and the ſhanks of a capon.

This temerarious innovation alienated

ated from her the affections of all her ſubjects, and rendered her the object of univerſal deteſtation.

Her jealouſy was continually excited by the idea of my ſucceeding to the throne of Franchipane, and of her dear Coquedenoix being only one of my ſubjects.—This kept her in a perpetual fret, and urged her to play me all ſorts of miſchievous tricks.

During our childhood ſhe betrayed on all occaſions the moſt unjuſtifiable partiality—and her little imp of a daughter, before ſhe could well ſtand alone, ſhewed manifeſt ſigns of a diſ-poſition to the full as malevolent as that of her mother. I was daily and

hourly ill uſed by her, and if I complained, had a ſound drubbing for my pains.

When we played together at puſh-pin, ſhe ran the points into my fingers; at hide and ſeek ſhe uſed to lock me up in my hiding place, and leave me there whole days without dinner or ſupper; at leap-frog ſhe puſhed me down upon my noſe; at hot cockles my hands were beaten to mummy with her ſlipper. If we played at top, ſhe was ſure to whip my legs inſtead of the top; at blindman's-buff ſhe would hold up a log for me to knock my teeth out againſt; at priſon-bars ſhe ran away with my clothes, and made me catch cold. At ſkittles ſhe

threw

threw the ninepins at my head, and the bowls at my legs; and at hunt the whiſtle, ſhe pinned it to my tail.

Wearied out with being eternally the butt of my ſiſter's malice, I changed my game, but I could not change my luck—At hazard ſhe cogged the dice; at cards ſhe ſlipped the aces; at draughts ſhe huffed me, and gammoned me at backgammon; at quadrille I was beaſted, capotted at piquet, vatouted at quinze, lurched at whiſt; at Faro my card always came up firſt, and I never had leſs than forty to ſhew at trente et quarante. Never was ſuch abominable luck as mine, and yet if I betrayed the leaſt uneaſineſs, a good horſewhipping was the conſequence.

Not that the king was wanting in affection towards me; but he was one of thoſe good-natured huſbands that let their wives wear the breeches; Vinaigrette had made herſelf ſo formidable, that the poor man durſt not open his lips, and therefore he prudently ſtifled his feelings, and abandoned me to my evil deſtiny. It happened once, that in honour of my father's birth-day all the court took phyſic, which is the regular way in my country of celebrating high feaſts and holidays. There is nothing nauſeous in the phyſic employed on theſe joyful occaſions; the etiquette is to ſtuff gingerbread till it produces the faſhionable effect, a looſeneſs.

On this gala day, when all the cour-

tiers ſhewed ſymptoms of their being arrived at the due pitch of diarrhœa, my ſtepmother took into her head to inſiſt upon my ſiſter having precedence of me, and going firſt to a certain place, whither ſuch purgatives are apt to ſend both kings and coblers. I was only a ſtripling, but I had ſenſe and ſpirit above ſubmitting to ſo barefaced an infringement of my rights. I ſtood forth in my own defence; the privy council was aſſembled; and, in ſpite of all the queen's promiſes and threats, an unanimous deciſion was given in my favour. My ambitious ſiſter was ſo piqued at her defeat, that ſhe choſe to lie in bed and deſerve clean ſheets, rather than let the world ſee her give place to me.

When I attained the age of fifteen years, I muſtered up courage enough to demand an eſtabliſhment. My ſtep-mother, by way of inſulting me, beſtowed on my ſiſter rich manors, and ſumptuous manſion houſes, while ſhe made me a preſent of a garden, ſo very extenſive that a ſingle umbrella would have ſheltered it all from a ſhower of rain, and its fertility was ſo extravagant, that out of three ſlugs, which giddily had crawled into it one morning, two died of hunger in the courſe of the day, and the third was gaſping for breath at the very point of death, if proper ſuccour had not been adminiſtered. The queen was very free in her declaration, that her generoſity would not ſtop here, and added that ſhe had in ſtore for me a hundred

dozen of ſhirts, which had neither fore part nor hind part, but ſhould be mine as ſoon as ſhe received cloth to make the ſleeves.

The ogreſs Cangcang, who fed upon raw fleſh preferably to wafers, though ſhe was very fond of them too, happened about this time to pay my father a viſit, in order to ſolicit a ſupply of wafers and parliament gingerbread, which the ſoil of his dominions produced in great abundance. Her requeſt was inſtantly complied with, and nothing could exceed her ſatiſfaction.

She had many conferences with the queen, of which nobody could gueſs the

the object, till the day of the ogress's departure, when Vinaigrette, under pretence of shewing her great respect, took her muff and gloves, and accompanied her out of the town without any attendance, except me and Coquedenoix. At parting, Cangcang took me in her arms as if to embrace me, and jumped up with me into her carriage, which her snails whirled away like lightning, in spite of the cries and sham reproaches of my stepmother, which I very well saw through.

The vehicle skimmed along with such velocity, that in the twinkling of an eye we were set down at Cangcang's palace.—This was nothing but a cavern

a cavern deep ſunk in the rock, the mouth guarded by a bat of monſtrous bulk.

The ogreſs puſhed me in, and viewing me from head to foot, muttered, This is a delicate morſel truly; but as my ſupper is already dreſſed, I will keep him for the bonne bouche, and to-morrow he will make an admirable broil.

She then threw me into a little dungeon, and blocked me in with a large ſtone.—Though I am naturally as brave as a lion, I then quaked like an aſpen-leaf.—The idea of being ſplit in two and broiled, operated ſo forcibly upon my whole frame, and put me into ſo terrible a fright, that my noſe was very ſenſible of its effect.

The

The piece of rock that closed up my prison was very jagged, and did not fit the orifice exactly, by which means I had many holes to peep through, and could discover all that was passing in the great room; there I saw the ogress take out of the pen a youth of my own age; she first larded him very neatly, then spitted him alive, and roasted him by a slow fire, turning the spit with one hand, and with the other pulling out the slices of bacon, which she swallowed with great relish. As soon as the young man was done, she squeezed a lemon over him, served him to table, and ate him up; then, like a true pandour, began to smoke her pipe, and toss off bumpers of brandy, till she tumbled down fast asleep. The bat at the door, overcome with the effluvia

of the tobacco and ſpirits, followed her example.

When I was certain that both monſters were ſound aſleep, I ventured to try if any of the chinks in the rock were wide enough for me to creep through. After a long ſearch, and many trials, I found one, through which I could not at any other time have ſqueezed half my body; but, as the ſage Harlequin ſays ſo philoſophically, a man that is going to be hanged will creep into a nut-ſhell. I got through with many a ſcratch and many a bruiſe. I then croſſed the floor on my tiptoes, more frightened than a deer, and reached the door without accident, offering up my ſincere thanks to Heaven for my deliverance.—One more ſtep would have

have completed it, when, ſetting my foot upon what I took to be the threſh-hold, I trod upon a hidden ſpring, and up flew with hideous craſh an iron cage that cloſed round me. Cancang awoke with the horrid din—Oh, oh, it is you, my little chicken, ſays ſhe with a ſneer; you thought to ſlip through my fingers, did you? Only ſee how cunning he is for his years. Well, well, ſince he is ſo very ſharp, he muſt not be kept any longer; but, as I have no ſtomach for him at preſent, I may as well put him into the ſalting tub. At theſe words my blood ran cold, my hair ſtood an end; the ogreſs tucked up her ſleeves, whetted her knife, and advanced towards my cage.

Prince Bonbon had proceeded thus far

far in his hiſtory, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the college of phyſicians.

These wiſe men began by examining with great accuracy the ſituation of Croquignolet's noſe, informed themſelves ſcrupulouſly of the time, circumſtances, and progreſs of this cruel adventure; then, after a long conſultation in Greek and Latin, and much mature deliberation, concluded that the king's noſe was ſeized upon by cranes, and was in imminent danger.

The difficulty was how to find a remedy.—All agreed on one point, that the royal noſe muſt be amputated, and abandoned to the voracious birds; but the doctors differed as to the quantum,

and as to the place where this ſolution of continuity was to be performed. Some were for having it ſhaved off cloſe to the cheekbone, others a little farther off; others thought a foot's length might be ſafely left; others again voted that it ſhould be cut off at ten, others at twenty feet from the root. In this ſerious altercation each party quoted the authority of Hippocrates, Galen, and Tagliacotius, whoſe works they had perhaps never read a page of.

The diſpute kindled, from words the medical trible came to abuſe, from abuſe to blows, and in the meanwhile things remained in ſtatu quo. Two long days did this argumentation laſt; at the end of them it was agreed among the phyſicians, that the noſe ſhould be

ſlipped

ſlipped off at any place where the ſurgeon could get a fair cut at it. And now the ſurgeons advanced, armed with their inſtruments, well whetted to perform the terrible operation; and, in order to proceed ſcientifically, and without let or hindrance, the crowd that ſurrounded the chair, and kept his majeſty down, was by their directions driven back.—Thus all reſiſtance to the continual tugging of the cranes being withdrawn on a ſudden, poor Croquignolet was hurried up from his ſeat with a jerk, and hoiſted into the middle regions before any one of his people could have time to ſtop him.

You may imagine what a ſhock this new incident gave to the whole aſſembly.—With open mouths and fixed eyes,

eyes, they long followed the cranes, and their royal booty, till at laſt all was loſt in the clouds.

The tender hearted princeſs made ſo piteous a moan, and ſuch deſperate outcries, that the very echoes ſpoke, and the fountains wept.

In vain did Bonbon exert his eloquence to ſooth her ſorrows; ſhe ſunk to the ground, and was carried ſenſeleſs to the palace, whither the kind prince followed, and kept as cloſe to her as her ſhadow, uſing every art to render himſelf uſeful and agreeable to her.

As for Merluche, he was ſo far from grieving in uniſon with his bride upon ſo diſaſtrous an event, that he very

very coolly ſat down to the wedding dinner, and gorged himſelf till he was ſick with the whimwhams, quizzes, and humbugs, that he had brought home from the chaſe; he toſſed off his flagon, lay down, took his ſieſta to promote digeſtion, and ſnored louder than the pedal of an organ. When he awoke, he went to Coquedœuf to preſs her to conclude the marriage ceremony, which, he ſaid, had been delayed by a little accident, not worth mentioning.

Have you the aſſurance, ſaid the diſconſolate princeſs, thus to inſult my miſery, and teaſe me about matrimony, while the whole kingdom is in the utmoſt conſternation?—Go, prince, fly from my preſence; this behaviour in-

creafes, if poffible, the averfion I had already conceived for you. Let me never fee your nafty face again.

Merluche only laughed at Coquedœuf's anger, and faid, As you are my wife, or pretty nearly fo, you may be fure I fhall not leave you, that would be too cruel a punifhment upon you.

She is not yet your wife, cried Bonbon, and till fhe is, let me in charity advife you to obey her orders without remonftrating.

Heyday, and who are you, my little gentleman, replied Merluche, that give your advice unafked? I beg, continued he, turning to Coquedœuf, that you will inform me who is this young

fpark

ſpark that gives himſelf ſuch airs? Have you deputed him to anſwer for you? How dare you receive him, or any one, without my permiſſion.

I have no account to give you of my actions, anſwered the lady; this is a liberty not to be borne: and ſince the loſs of my father leaves me in poſſeſſion of uncontroulable authority, I order you to quit my dominions this inſtant; I will not have my griefs irritated ſtill more by the ſight of your odious perſon.

Merluche grew obſtinate, and boldly ſwore he would not budge a foot till he was wedded and bedded.

This is too much, it is paſt all endu-

rance, ſaid Bonbon ſternly. Learn, you vulgar ſloven, the obedience that is due to the awful decree her highneſs has juſt pronounced, or by my beard I will lay hold of a broomſtick, and kick your guts out of your belly with it.

These words were ſpoken with ſo emphatic a tone, and ſo ſignificant a geſture, that Merluche, who, to all his other amiable qualities, added that of being rather a poltroon, conſidered the caſe of his ſhoulders, and, without once looking behind him, ſneaked off, mounted his ſea cock-and-bull, and trotted off towards his own country, with a thouſand ſchemes of vengeance rolling in his brain.

Coquedœuf felt herſelf highly oblig-
ed

ed to Bonbon for the zeal which he had exerted in ridding her of ſo trou-bleſome a gueſt, from whoſe bruta-lity ſhe would have had every thing to fear, had not fortune thrown ſo gallant a champion in her way.

She evinced her ſenſibility of the obligation, by giving him from that moment, without being conſcious of what ſhe was doing, a place in her heart that the proudeſt beau in the kingdom would not have turned up his noſe at.

As for Bonbon, he had ſwallowed ſuch a doſe of love, that he could nei-ther ſleep nor keep awake, nor was he now able to take more than his four meals a-day; it was a pitiable ſpectacle

to ſee how his clothes grew too large for him.

The afflicted ſtate of his miſtreſs prevented him from diſcovering to her the fire that inwardly devoured him; but to make amends, his eyes were not idle; they flaſhed lightning upon Coquedœuf, who ſaw well enough what he was at, though the little rogue pretended not to perceive any thing.

One day it came into her head to deſire he would finiſh his hiſtory, in which ſhe felt a greater intereſt than ſhe dared to own. The prince, who was the very pink of courteſy, did not require preſſing, but inſtantly reſumed his diſcourſe in theſe terms.

Continuation

Continuation of the Hiſtory of Prince BONBON.

YOU left me in a pitiful ſcrape, caught like a mouſe in a trap—The knife was ſharpened, Cangcang was drawing near, and death ſtared me in the face, when the ogreſs, in ſearching for ſalt for the tub, happened to lay her hand upon a baſket of wafers, the preſent of my ſtepmother. The old glutton could not reſiſt the temptation, but ſtuffed one ſo greedily and haſtily into her mouth, that ſhe knocked down her throat the few teeth ſhe had left.

Hideous were the yells ſhe raiſed in her fury; not a mare within twenty leagues but would have caſt her foal if ſhe had heard her. Oh dear, oh dear! roared ſhe horribly; I ſhall then never more be able to chew raw meat; if I had but had the ſatisfaction of eating up this nice plump little fellow, I ſhould bear my misfortune with ſome degree of patience, but to loſe all my teeth juſt when I was going to feaſt on ſo dainty a morſel, is enough to make me mad. 'Tis thy fault, perfidious Vinaigrette, thou gaveſt me thoſe fatal wafers that have been my ruin; but I will be revenged of thee by giving this jackanapes his liberty, and indeed he is no longer of any uſe to me; thou wantedſt to get rid of him, and ſo, to make thee hang thyſelf, I will let him

loofe.—Go, continued fhe, lifting up the cage door, go, away with thyfelf quickly; thank my hatred for thy flut of a mother-in-law, nothing but that could have faved thy bacon.

At thefe words fhe feized me by the arm, and whirled me into the air. I fell three leagues from her fatal cavern, and received no hurt, as I luckily fell upon my nofe.—Undetermined what courfe to fteer, deftitute of experience and fuccour, I was falling out of the frying-pan into the fire. I wandered without plan or object, till kind Heaven, that watched over me, threw me in the way of a company of fhoeblacks, from whofe generofity I received every kind of relief.

I enliſted in this illuſtrious corps, and may ſay, without vanity, that I ſerved ſome campaigns with diſtinction. I became maſter as ſoon as I entered apprentice, and managed the bruſh with ſuch grace and dexterity, as excited the jealouſy of my comrades. This led to much bickering; I grew ſick of the ſervice, and ſo deſerted.

After extracting a revenue out of the dirt of a country, I now formed an income by its ſmoke, and became a chimney-ſweeper, madam. This ſituation ſuited the elevated ſentiments inſpired by high birth—my elegant ſtyle of ſinging, when I popped my head out of a chimney, ſurpaſſed every thing my predeceſſors had done, and drew upon me the eyes of the whole na-

tion;

tion; but at last I found this profession pernicious to my complexion, and therefore I turned strolling musician, and with an organ, magic lanthorn, and a dancing dog, set out upon my travels to earn a livelihood.

The strength of my lungs, and the musical tones which I employed in calling the boys and girls together to view my curiosities, excited the attention of a rich banker.—He being a person of nice discernment, guessed that I was a genius above the common run, and therefore took me out of the streets into his family, and preferred me to the post of first scullion in his kitchen.

I passed through the different degrees of

of the eſtabliſhment, was ſucceſſively footman, valet-de-chambre, and ſecretary. My maſter grew very fond of me, and honoured me with his confidence in ſo high a degree, that he offered to marry me to a certain niece of his brother's, whom he had educated without the knowledge of his wife, in a remote part of the town, and whom he intended to provide for, becauſe he was not bleſt with any children. I returned him thanks, but declined his generous tender. My refuſal excited ſuſpicion, and he beat ſo long about the buſh, that at laſt he ſtarted the game, and I revealed the ſecret of my birth.

From that time he treated me with great reſpect, and undertook to go

ſecretly

ſecretly to my father's, to make known to him the cruelty of Vinaigrette, and the ſituation of his ſon and heir.

He accordingly went to the court of Franchipane, and found means to obtain a private audience, in which he gave his majeſty a full account of my adventures.—My poor father was at that moment blubbering and bellowing like a calf for my ſuppoſed deceaſe.—As ſoon as he heard I was alive and ſafe, he burſt out a laughing, and began to caper about like a madman—However he ſtood in ſuch awe of his wife, that he durſt not take any ſtep that might appear rebellious againſt her ſupreme will and pleaſure, and therefore, for fear ſhe ſhould make ſome

fresh

fresh attempt against my life, he ordered me to repair to a frontier and remote city, where he secretly caused me to be equipped in a manner suitable to my rank. I then set out upon my travels, and for six years have been sauntering about from realm to realm, visiting the most brilliant courts, and attending all places where mirth and pleasure reigned. My decided attachment to the fair sex took full possession of my thoughts, and softened the pain of exile; some elegant studies and acquirements lent their aid, and, among other sciences, I devoted a great deal of my time to the study of music. Success has crowned my endeavours, and I have made such progress in the art, that I am now almost

most able to read the words—I play very prettily too upon the hand-organ, and the jews-harp.

The most beautiful princesses of the age had passed in review before me, without making the least impression. Far from being affected by their charms, I treated them all like toys and baubles, rallied the gallants and beaux that courted their smiles, and treated Cupid like a jackanapes, who could not drive a shaft, even skin deep, towards my heart. The little urchin was even with me, for he decoyed me to the palace of a young princess who revenged his cause. Oh ye gods! what a beauty! she was the masterpiece of nature, a jewel, a morsel fit for a king; all other women were mere

toads

toads and cinderwenches in comparifon, for Heaven had lavifhed on her all the charms and endowments of mind and body which it difpenfes to the reft of her fex with a moft fparing hand. What fhall I fay more, my dear madam? I love, I burn, I languifh, I figh, for this charming object; but my love turns to defpair when I reflect that I have a rival, and that the fear of difpleafing my angelic princefs feals up my lips in eternal filence. The confcioufnefs that my flame is pure is no encouragement to break it; in vain does the little god fpur me on to a declaration; awe and refpect, more powerful, ftop my mouth. Thus am I doomed to love all the days of my life without even the hope of any return.— Here Bonbon clofed his eventful ftory;

Coquedœuf grew red, and pouted, ſhe knew not why, on hearing that the prince was in love.

Is there no learning, ſaid ſhe, with a little pettiſh air which ſhe could not ſuppreſs, the name of this divine creature that has ſo completely deprived you of your liberty? Ah, madam, anſwered Bonbon, do not try to worm my ſecret out of me; in the name of all the gods, do not ſet my tongue a going, do not force me to betray myſelf, and thereby loſe all favour with the miſtreſs of my affections—She would never forgive me, and I ſhould ſink under the weight of her diſpleaſure; you would ſoon behold me ſprawling on the ground, hanging out my tongue, and choaking with grief.

Oh fy! how ill it becomes you to be ſo coquettiſh, replied Coquedœuf; I did not think you would have refuſed me ſo ſlight a ſatisfaction—Though a woman, I can keep a ſecret, and your's would have remained ſafe in my breaſt; but ſince you make ſuch a fuſs about it, in God's name, keep it to yourſelf, I do not want to pump it out of you.

You inſiſt upon it, then. Well, you ſhall be obliged, ſaid Bonbon, throwing himſelf at her feet. You now ſee before you a prince ſubdued by your charms; puniſh, if you pleaſe, with twenty ſlaps and kicks the audacious miſcreant that dares to love, and to avow his paſſion.—Strike—what reſtrains your avenging hand?—A blow

from

from thofe dear little fingers will be fweeter to me than fugar or honey.

Coquedœuf, ftruck with amazement at this unexpected winding up of Bonbon's ftory, remained filent and irrefolute, not knowing what anfwer to return. Her duty and her inclination oppofed each other, and were ftruggling for the victory, when Bonbec, who perceived her dilemma, feized the happy moment of giving vent to a torrent of words that had long been pent up much againft her will, and which fhe had with great difficulty reftrained.

Oh, madam, faid fhe, you would be more hard-hearted than the Grand Turk of Cochinchina, if you refufed

to take compaſſion of this poor dear little man. His plight almoſt makes me cry. Believe me, do not quarrel with your bread and butter, and attempt to catch the moon with your teeth, or ſhave an egg.—Evil be to him that evil thinks; let us ſtrike the iron while it is hot, without waiting for nuts till we have no teeth left to crack them, or keeping all our ſtockfiſh till Eaſter-eve. The pitcher goes ſo often to the well, that it returns home broken at laſt; one ſhoulder of mutton drives down another, and a time will come when we ſhall bite our fingers for having been ſo nice—Then whiſtle, and ſtay till I come; the birds are flown; after death comes the doctor—Many go to bed without drink, and riſe thirſty; for my part I am like the

the Pope's mule, I only drink when I can—But, as the ſaying is, poverty is no ſin, little pedlars muſt take up with little packs, clowns muſt wear clouted ſhoes—and, though I am but a pitiful ſinner, I have had my ſweetheart as well as the beſt, in the days of my youth—Alas, it is but too true, that one day follows another, but no more like than an apple to an oyſter; I would take up with the poor fellow at this moment, and thank you, were it not for a little ſpoke in our wheel, and that is, that he has been dead theſe ten years. Let my example be a warning to you, my dear lady; for, tell me whom you ſee, I'll tell you who you are; you will ſay perhaps that nightingales do not ſing like tomtits—That is true —but in all theſe caſes the leſs ſcruple

the more profit; let but the lawyer give us a few of his aforefaids, and then you will tell me how you like it.

This fenfible difcourfe completely fettled Coquedœuf's mind—Still her pride made a faint fhew of refiftance; but turning her eyes, fhe met thofe of the prince, and in them read fuch love, fuch anxiety, and impatience, as overcame every fcruple, and made her forget all her fine refolutions. Rife, prince, faid fhe, with a faultering tongue and downcaft look—I ought to be offended at a declaration made without the confent of my father, and, while you know I am engaged to another man; but I am willing to forgive your imprudence, on condition that you will conquer a paffion which

I cannot

I cannot encourage without disregarding my dignity.

No, madam, no, exclaimed the enamoured prince, I never can renounce this passion; I am a man of too much honour to make such a promise; if it is a crime to love, every moment of my life will render me still more criminal; but remember, incomparable princess, it was your own order that forced me to break my determined silence; remember my love has passed the alembic, and is as pure as rock water; I only wish to obtain your hand in a lawful way before a parson, and, with the consent of your august father, to rescue you from the clutches of an odious rival, more deserv-

ing of kicks and cuffs than of the honour of ſharing your chaſte beebee. If my intentions ſtill appear unpardonable, ſay the word, and I will hang myſelf up in your preſence; though after that perhaps my rights of nobility may be diſputed, I ſhall not repine, but rejoice at having been able to afford you a moment's entertainment, by kicking my heels in the air. Decide, queen of my ſoul, decide my fate; ſay that your heart forgives my boldneſs, or reprobates me for ever: a ſingle word will determine whether I am to be happy or hanged.

Exact nothing of this poor heart of mine, replied the princeſs, caſting a tender glance on Bonbon, and fetching

ing a deep ſigh; aſk nothing of a heart abſorbed and loſt in an abyſs of miſery.

She then ſtretched out her hand to the prince, to raiſe him from the ground, and he ventured to preſs it to his lips, without her appearing offended, or even conſcious of the liberty he was taking. He left the room the happieſt of mortals.

Theſe two tender lovers had many other interviews, full as intereſting, but which I ſhall not deſcribe, as I do not exactly know what paſſed in them —All that I have been able to gather from authors of credit, is, that inſenſibly Coquedœuf loſt her reſerve, and at laſt avowed to the fortunate youth, that

that ſhe was as diſtractedly in love with him as he was with her.

Although it is uſual for two perſons who love one another, who meet and talk over their paſſions every hour of the day, to forget all the reſt of the world, Coquedœuf, who was not made in the common mould, had too noble a heart to loſe ſight of her father's misfortunes.

She had diſpatched meſſengers to all parts of the earth, but they had returned without having gained any intelligence, nor could they even gueſs to what ſpot the cranes had tranſported him.

This uncertainty overwhelmed

Coquedœuf

Coquedœuf with grief, and ſhe one day addreſſed Bonbon in theſe terms.

Prince, you have ſworn that you love me, and perhaps I have too eaſily given credit to your profeſſions; I do not repent, provided you give me this day an inconteſtable proof of your love. You ſee what continual alarms I live in for the fate of my dear father; I now demand, as a teſt of your courage, that you go in ſearch of him, and that you never appear before me again without reſtoring him to my arms.

Oh, madam, anſwered Bonbon, how I feel myſelf honoured by this glorious commiſſion; I here ſwear at your feet by the Styx, the Cocytus, the Garonne,

ronne, and by every river, torrent, lake, or ſtream, formidable to the perjured, that I will neither touch apple-ſauce, nor peaſe-porridge, till I have found out your illuſtrious papa. I go, I fly to his relief; I will ſeek him over the whole face of the earth, on the higheſt mountains, and in the deepeſt caves; I will diſcover him, or forfeit the name I bear.

Go, generous prince, replied Coquedœuf, obey this honourable impulſe, which renders you worthy of my choice, yet do not fooliſhly play the bully and the drawcanſir.—I know you are a great tilter, and a little matter ſets you upon your high horſe; but you may chance to pull an old houſe about your ears. In the midſt

of

of the perils you are likely to expofe yourfelf to for the love of me, remember that my deftiny is attached to your life, therefore venture it not rafhly.

Many were the lamentable parleys that paffed between them, and many the tears they fhed at the thoughts of their intended feparation.

The whole court fought by innocent paftimes to diffipate the difmal gloom which hung upon their princefs's brow. It was ufual to meet in her apartments, and play at various games, but particularly at hen and chickens, which was her greateft favourite. Bonbon had the honour every day of making her party.

On the eve of his departure, by way of paying his court to the adorable Coquedœuf, he propoſed a match at hen and chickens, which ſhe agreed to inſtantly.

His own addreſs, rather than chance, placed him directly behind the princeſs; but, inſtead of holding by her gown as people uſually do, he laid his hand upon the box that hung at her girdle.

Take away your hand, you little rogue, ſaid ſhe, you will break my egg.

Bonbon, who had never heard a word of this egg, nor its fatality, only laughed at ſuch a command, and kept

his

his hold, till in the hurry of the game he pulled ſo hard, that the chain broke, the box fell from his hands, the ſtring of players pulled him on, and he unfortunately ſet his foot upon the box, which he cruſhed with the egg it contained.

The princeſs turned round, ſaw the egg was broken, gave a loud ſhriek, and threw herſelf on a ſopha.

The whole aſſembly ſtood ſtill, anxious to diſcover the cauſe of her diſmay—But while ſome of the company examined the countenance of the princeſs, and others eyed the broken egg; this fatal egg began without human aid to move about, and at laſt darted like a flaſh of lightning, and

fixed itſelf upon the unfortunate Coquedœuf; the yolk ſpread itſelf immediately over her face, arms, and boſom, communicating its colour to every part—and in a moment ſhe appeared to have the moſt horrible jaundice that ever was ſeen.

The white of the egg ſettled on her knees, which, with the legs and remainder of her body, were converted into white marble, ſo that from the waiſt downwards the princeſs became a mere ſtatue, cold and inanimate.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the deſpair of the amorous Bonbon at this diſaſter—Great griefs are ſilent—he uttered not a ſyllable, but coolly pulling out of his pocket an excellent

little

little knife, he whetted it well upon the arm of a chair, tried its point upon his thumb, and then taking a proper diſtance, was preparing to drive it into the very middle of his heart; when the watchful Bonbec threw herſelf upon him to ſtop his hand.

Oh, upon my conſcience, ſaid ſhe, here is a fine piece of work; fiddle dee diddle, don't you know that life is worth keeping? there is nothing in this world but luck and ill-luck; life is ſhort and death long; you no ſooner get to limbo than you are in for a long time—Wait, wait for death at the end of your days, we muſt die as late as we can—It is true that death cures all diſeaſes, but, in troth, the remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe.—When the ſnake is

dead the ſting is out. Let us make leſs cry, and more wool; will you be fatter when you are gone to kingdom come? Believe me, take good care of the mould of your doublet, and do not pull off your noſe to ſpite your face, or pluck out your eye to make your neighbour a blinkard; be aſſured that our means are ſuited to our wants, hats are made to fit heads, and cloudy mornings turn out clear evenings.

Such arguments as theſe did not appeaſe the violence of Bonbon's paſſion; he ſtruggled hard to break looſe, and would certainly have played ſome fooliſh trick at laſt, had not Coquedœuf ſtopt him with theſe words.

Live, prince, oh live, I conjure you

—After the tremendous oath which you have taken to reſtore my father to me, your days no longer belong to you, they are mine, and you cannot in conſcience make away with yourſelf. If ever I was dear to you, if my tears can yet make any impreſſion on you, give this laſt proof of your generoſity to a wretched princeſs, who acknowledges that ſhe is no longer worth the attention of ſuch a pretty fellow. Yes, prince, I proteſt that I am not affected by my misfortune, nor do I repine at this ſhocking jaundice, and the ſpell that renders one half of me a motionleſs ſtatue, or regret thoſe feeble charms which found their way to your heart, for any other reaſon but that the loſs of them will ſoon deprive me of your affection.

Ah, madam, how unjuſt, exclaimed Bonbon; your cruel ſuſpicions rend my heart aſunder—I change! I ceaſe to love you! No! you will ſee lambs devour wolves, mice attack cats, lawyers refuſe their fee, parſons give up their tythes, and ſoldiers ceaſe to ſwear, before you ſee the leaſt alteration in my ſentiments; were the gods cruel enough to transform you into the moſt hideous of apes, I ſhould defy the beſt orator among them to talk me out of a ſingle atom of my love. Yes, I will live, ſince you command it. I fly to ſearch for your father, and when I ſhall have found him, will return to paſs by your ſide a life of grief and tantalization, aſſuredly more an object of pity than of envy.

Farewell,

Farewell, dear prince, ſaid Coquedœuf with a heavy ſigh, I will no longer think myſelf wretched ſince you love me; my greateſt pain is to part with you—A flood of tears choaked her utterance; Bonbon wept bitterly; never was ſo tender a parting.

At laſt he muſtered up courage enough to tear himſelf away, and left her in a moſt lamentable ſtate both of body and of mind. To loſe a father ſo tenderly beloved, to be ſeparated from her ſweetheart, to reflect on all the dangers he was going to expoſe himſelf to, to be deprived of her beauty, and of the uſe of half her body, were, methinks, cauſes ſufficient for the princeſs to look upon herſelf as a moſt unfortunate being.

Bonbon was not much leſs to be pitied; he quitted the court with a heart overpowered by love and oppreſſed with remorſe, for having through his giddineſs reduced his amiable miſtreſs to ſo deplorable a condition; his mind was agitated by innumerable diſquietudes and perplexities, not knowing what road to chooſe, and dreading, with ſome reaſon, leſt he ſhould have promiſed more than he could perform, and fail, as others had done, in his ſearch after Croquignolet. Long did he plod on without any determined plan; one ſcheme drove out another, and ideas ſucceeded ideas as quick as flaſhes of lightning; but they were no ſooner conceived than they vaniſhed. At laſt he reſolved to become a pariſh clerk and ſexton, as that em-

ployment

ployment would give him the liberty of going up to the tops of ſteeples, and ſtaying there as long as he pleaſed; he vainly hoped that ſome day the king and the cranes would paſs within ſight. Here he watched night and day, rolling his eyes all round the horizon, but not a crane ever appeared.

Tired with theſe fruitleſs watchings, he quitted the profeſſion, and exchanging the gown for the ſword, became an exciſeman.

In vain did he, while inveſted with this new dignity, viſit every tavern, gaming-houſe, night-cellar, and hedge-alehouſe; not a creature could give him the leaſt intelligence.

He was not discouraged by this bad success, but determined to pursue his point, and search every country as far as the Palus Mæotis; unfortunately when he arrived at the Hellespont, he found one of the arches of the bridge broken down; he therefore could not pass it, and was obliged to travel round about along the coast. He had wandered six whole months by the sea-shore, without taking any repose night or day, when at last, in crossing a very wild rugged valley, he thought he heard issuing from behind the rocks the voice of a person complaining. He stopt, and listening with attention, plainly distinguished the following sounds.

Oh, ye, charitable mortals, be ye

who ye will, if any ſuch paſs near this horrid ſpot, take compaſſion of my wretched ſtate; relieve a miſerable creature reduced to the laſt extremity; who without your help muſt ſoon periſh; I will pray to Heaven to grant you a good journey, to preſerve you from highwaymen, damp beds, mad-dogs, and all evil encounters.

Bonbon judged from this ſpeech, and the canting tone with which it was delivered, that it came from one of thoſe profeſſional beggars who poſt themſelves on the high-roads to aſk alms of travellers; as he was of a very charitable diſpoſition, he generouſly took a farthing out of his pocket, and advanced to throw it into the beggar's diſh.

dish. After turning round the rocks for a considerable time, he at last came to the place from whence the voice issued, and there, to his utter surprise, saw the unfortunate father of Coquedoeuf standing bolt upright against a column of quicksilver, round which his nose was twisted ten thousand times, and the tip of it locked in with a leaden padlock of prodigious strength.

Ah! wretched monarch, cried out Bonbon, what the deuce are you doing here, stuck up like a may-pole? What wandering Jew has led you into this desart, and tied you to a stake like a mad bull?—

Alas, replied Croquignolet, who

knew

knew him directly, you behold the work of that malignant ugly jade Cangcang.

When the cranes carried me off, as you ſaw, they held me up in the air during fifteen days, in which time the torments I ſuffered were inexpreſſible. I ſhould indeed have died of ſheer hunger, if I had not had the dexterity to catch ſome quizzes as they flew paſt; I plucked them as we ſailed along, and held them up to the ſun to roaſt, for our courſe lay very near that luminary.—I made ſome excellent meals of theſe birds, for they were in high ſeaſon, and ſo fat that three of them would have filled a buſhel.

At length the cranes dropt me, and I tumbled head over heels for an hour; my good fortune preſerved me from breaking my bones in the fall, but my evil one made me plunge ſouſe into the middle of the pond of pap which Cangcang had ſtolen from me, and placed near the door of her cavern. The noiſe of the ſplaſh brought her out of her hole. As ſoon as ſhe knew who it was, ſhe bellowed out with a loud horſe laugh, Oh, oh, ſir, you are come to your pap again, I ſee; you cannot wean yourſelf from it. It is not for my ſnub noſe now, but for your long ſnout, to be ſure—ha! ha! ha! what a comical noſe!

She then ſeized upon the unfortunate noſe, dragged me after her to this

this desolate place, and tied me up to the rock as you behold. Her cruelty is not satiated with this torture, but she comes regularly every day, and pulling down my breeches, applies two hundred lashes with an eelskin to my innocent posteriors; and what is still more savage, obliges me to keep the reckoning. If I make a mistake in the number, she begins the flogging afresh. All the nourishment I receive consists in a peck of oats, which she brings with her, and which I divide into four meals. You may suppose that after such a repast, I have still a tolerable appetite left, therefore you will do a great charity in giving me something to eat.

Bonbon lugged out of his wallet a

little

little morſel of mouldy cheeſe, which Croquignolet devoured with exquiſite reliſh.

Thanks to my kind ſtars, ſaid Bonbon, for having conducted me to this ſpot, that I may reſtore you to liberty, and to the embraces of your daughter, whoſe misfortunes yield in nothing to thoſe of your majeſty.

He then let him into the ſecret of his love for the princeſs, with all its circumſtances, even the fatal effect produced by his own folly.

The recital redoubled the poor king's grief and impatience to regain his liberty, that he might return, and

preſs

prefs his dear child once more to his parental bofom.

Bonbon tried to burft open the padlock, but he found it above his ftrength, and therefore recommended patience to the royal captive, while he went in fearch of a file to fome fmith's fhop in the neighbourhood.

So the ill-fated Croquignolet was once more obliged to reckon his two hundred ftripes, which however the excellent repaft he had juft made, and the hopes of a fpeedy refcue, made him fwallow like mother's milk.—He even indulged himfelf, like a true epicure, with a bit of oatcake, which the prince had found in the bottom of his pocket, and had left him.

Bonbon loſt no time, but returned next day with tools enough to ſet up a ſmith's ſhop; he employed them with ſuch perſeverance and ſucceſs, that at laſt he cut through the fatal padlock, and began to wind off the king's noſe.

He had arrived at the laſt round when he was diſcovered by the ogreſs, whom his evil genius had brought thither. She inſtantly pounced upon him like a hawk, before he was aware of her approach, and ſeized him with ſupernatural force.

You little raſcal, ſaid ſhe, is this the requital you make for all my kindneſs? Have you forgotten that long ere now you would have been ſwal-

lowed and digested, if I had not had the goodness to grant you your life at the very moment when I meant to eat you in a fricassee. In return for this favour, here I find you employed, you audacious jackanapes, in carrying off the victim of my just revenge; you shall smart for it, or I will burn my petticoat; do not expect I shall be satisfied with killing you at this moment, that punishment would be too mild for your crime—No, my darling, I prepare a better kind of torment for you.

At these words she grasped the mighty nose of Croquignolet, and rolled it round the body of Bonbon, exactly as nurses swaddle a child, so that he had no limb at liberty, and could just move his head from side to

 side.

ſide. She then forced down his throat twenty-ſeven pailfuls of pap, which, as you may well imagine, cauſed his low ſtomach to ſwell to an enormous ſize, and of courſe ſtretched the king's noſe to a moſt painful degree; beſides, the effects of this extraordinary food were of ſo powerful a nature, that the poor noſe was afflicted more ways than one.

The ogreſs then called her coach, threw Croquignolet and Bonbon into it, jumped in herſelf, gave a cutting laſh to her ſnails, and drove off like a hurricane.

The two princes could not divine whither ſhe was carrying them, but, to their utter aſtoniſhment, they found that,

after a long drive, the carriage entered the capital, and then the palace of Croquignolet. Unhappy heroes! little did they expect that fresh woes would be added to the list of their adventures.

When Merluche left Coquedœuf, he carried with him a firm resolution of taking speedy revenge for the kicks and cuffs which had been so liberally promised him; he immediately formed the dark diabolical design of laying Croquignolet's kingdom waste, and in pursuit of this plan sent about a circular letter, stating that the immense nose of king Croquignolet had been made at the expence of all the pug noses in the world, and that he tossed it up so high merely to insult them;

 that

that Merluche, a prince as famed for juſtice as for valour, would take up the defence of the injured party, and, on that account, hereby declared war to their haughty enemy.

So judicious a plea was attended with even greater ſucceſs than he expected, for all the ſnub-noſed people of the four corners of the world flocked to his ſtandard; their numbers were ſo prodigious, that they overran a ſpace of two hundred leagues of flat country, and it would have required ten years to have made out a muſter-roll of them.

So many ſhort noſes together produced rather a ſingular effect; for at a certain diſtance any paſſenger would have

have miſtaken Merluche's army for a great pack of Dutch maſtiffs.

I have already hinted, methinks, that this prince was a tolerable coward; the amount of his troops did not inſpire him with ſufficient confidence, for which reaſon he went to ſolicit ſuccours from the court of Franchipane.

King Macaroon had juſt quitted his perriwig, and publickly put on his wooden ſurtout, not being any longer able to bear the humours of his infernal ſpouſe, who poſſeſſed a thouſand admirable ſecrets for making the moſt patient man in the world run mad; he took his reſolution like an honeſt fellow, and let himſelf die quietly of

 grief.

grief. Vinaigrette immediately ſeized the reins of government.

Merluche addreſſed himſelf to the new ſovereign, whoſe malicious diſpoſition, always bent upon miſchief, made her eager to ſeize this opportunity of doing evil.

She joined cordially with Merluche, and granted him every ſuccour he requeſted, on condition, that after the conqueſt they ſhould ſhare Croquignolet's dominions between them.

Their cavalry being mounted on horſeback, and their infantry marching on foot, as I take the received practice to be, the army entered the devoted realm with drums beating,

and

and colours flying, a few days after Bonbon had ſet out in ſearch of Croquignolet.

Merluche, who liked no fire but that of the kitchen, not daring to remain at the head of his troops, took the noble reſolution of enliſting for a drummer, under the pretext that, as he excelled in beating the drum, he ſhould be able to animate the men on the day of battle with much more efficacy in that capacity than in any other.

A king carried off by cranes, a princeſs half petrified, and without ſupport or ally, reduced the nation to a ſtate of the utmoſt confuſion; its efforts to oppoſe the attack of theſe wicked in-

vaders were feeble and ineffectual; all reſiſtance was vain againſt ſuch powerful foes, who, after ravaging the whole kingdom, made themſelves at laſt maſters of the metropolis, and put to the ſword nineteen hundred and ninety-nine thouſand nine hundred and ninety-nine perſons, beſides women and children.

The ſituation of the princeſs, far from melting the heart of Merluche, afforded him, on the contrary, a malignant pleaſure; he was brutal enough to inſult her diſtreſs, to reproach her with her preſent jaundice, and her former haughtineſs; he even ſang to her, as we are told, the ſong of

Why how now, madam Flirt?

All

All the pug-nofed champions of the army, a race of men naturally prone to raillery, took it by turn, at his command, to exhibit their coxcombical airs, and overwhelm Coquedœuf with their coarfe jokes and impertinence. In fhort, he treated her with every fpecies of contumely.

As foon as Vinaigrette received intelligence of the victory, fhe haftened with her dear Coquedenoix to the capital of Croquignolet; and there thefe two imps of hell, joining their infults to thofe of Merluche, fucceeded in rendering Coquedœuf as miferable as a damned foul.

Things were in this ftate when

Cangcang

Cangcang entered the palace with her prifoners.

She fpeedily made up her quarrel with Vinaigrette, and forgave her the lofs of her teeth, the more eafily, as they were already fo loofe that the firft fit of coughing would have driven them out. All caufes of refentment between them being now removed, they and Merluche enjoyed the fweets of revenge with infinite relifh.

Without being at the trouble of unfwathing Bonbon, they ordered him and Croquignolet to be dragged into the apartment of Coquedœuf, whofe fobs and tears redoubled at the fight of two perfons for whom fhe had the moft tender affection.

Cangcang now drew out of her pocket a large knife, the terror of ſirloins, and ſtepping up towards Coquedœuf, ſaid to Bonbon,

Behold the blood of thy miſtreſs ready to flow; this is the puniſhment I reſerved for thee—And thou, Coquedœuf, ſee me cut the throats of thy father and thy lover, who have offended me—Thy deſpair will glut my vengeance.

Alas! ſaid the ſorrowful princeſs, wreak your fury upon my head, I will not complain; but in the names of all the gods, ſpare theſe unfortunate princes.—If you muſt have blood, be ſatisfied with mine, I yield it without repining.

Hold

Hold thy hand, thou old carrion, hold, called out Bonbon, I alone have offended thee; work thyſelf up to double rage, and puniſh me doubly; cut my weaſand like a chicken, dreſs me as a haricot, pot me, ſtew me, make minced-meat of me, ſlice my body into cabbages, turnips, I ſhall only laugh at it; but do not involve in my deſtiny this poor little lambkin that has never injured thee.

Croquignolet ſaid nothing, but thought a great deal.

Such pathetic ſpeeches, far from ſtaggering the ogreſs in her bloody reſolution, rather increaſed the ſavage pleaſure ſhe was ſeeking in revenge, and ſhe only delayed the ſacrifice, that ſhe

ſhe might render the torments of her victims more laſting and acute.

Suffer me, compaſſionate reader, to pauſe a few ſeconds, that I may wipe away the tears which, in ſpite of my efforts to check them, trickle from my ſorrowful eyes at the recollection of this pitiful ſcene—I adviſe you to do the ſame.

The ogreſs raiſed her hand to plunge her caſe-knife into the boſom of Croquignolet, and then to ſacrifice both lover and miſtreſs.—Nothing could ſave them from the fury of their enemy, when on a ſudden the palace was ſhaken by the loud ſound of a cowkeeper's horn, and the noiſe of

ſheep

ſheep that bleated in a moſt uncommon manner.

This clatter ſtopped the blow of the ogreſs, who, impelled by the curioſity of her ſex, ran to the window, and there ſaw——whom do you think ſhe ſaw?

No other than the venerable Dortdunœil, who, with indignant mien, advanced into the room where the bloody deed was on the point of being perpetrated.

I have put up with thy pranks too long, ſaid he to Cangcang, the meaſure of thy iniquities is full, and thou ſhalt this inſtant receive thy reward;

thou

thou knoweſt how much my power exceeds thine, and that, compared with me, thy dog is but a beaſt; nevertheleſs, thou old hag, thou dareſt perſecute a princeſs protected by me; I have hitherto winked at thy exceſſes, while they affected only ſome inſignificant mortals, in whom I took no intereſt; but ſince thou art not afraid to wreſtle with me, I ſhall no longer defer thy puniſhment. Go, thou toothleſs old caitiff, go and ſerve to all eternity as the clapper to the bell where Croquignolet was ſo long ſuſpended, merely for having pronounced a word that was grating to my ear.

As for thee, turning to Vinaigrette, implacable ſtepmother, more malici-

ous than a mule or a monkey, I condemn thee to ring without intermiſſion the bell where Cangcang is to hang.

At that inſtant two black rams carried off theſe two deteſtable creatures.

And thou, continued Dortdunœil, and thou, malignant Merluche, cowardly, brutal prince, I join thy hand to that of Coquedenoix; tempers like yours will prove to each other a mutual plague and puniſhment. You will live together like cat and dog, and pant after a widowhood, with which you will never be bleſt, for with the ſpirit of an Iſcariot you will both of you hang yourſelves on the ſame day. Away, you raggamuffins; trudge,

pack up your alls, and tremble at my frown.

As ſoon as they were gone, Dorduncoeil pulled out a little powder of pimperlimpimp, that admirable powder, which, as I am told, makes the laſſes run after the lads, as dogs do after the whip; of this he made Croquignolet and Coquedoeuf ſnuff up a few pinches. The princeſs inſtantly became more beautiful than ever; her jaundice faded off like a vapour, the marble diſappeared, and her limbs returned to their natural ſtate of fleſh and blood.

The king's noſe ſhrunk at the ſame time into its original dimenſions.

Then Dortdunœil addreſſed him thus: O king, complain not of all the diſaſters that have befallen thee, for they have been brought on thee by thy own avarice; thou art, and always wilt be, a dirty miſerly wretch.—You, generous lovers, addded he, turning to Bonbon and the princeſs, enjoy without interruption that felicity which your virtues deſerve; I will watch over you without ceaſing—Become huſband and wife, without ceaſing to be lover and miſtreſs—I aſk no other return for all my favours.

Dortdunœil did not wait for thanks, but vaniſhed inſtantly, he, his dog, and his ſheep; and they have never been heard of ſince.

Croquignolet, depreſſed by his miſfortunes, apprehenſive of drawing down freſh ones by his covetouſneſs, which he felt no inclination to ſubdue, and ſatisfied with the employment of making the moſt of his pool of ſweet pap, which by Cangcang's defeat returned to his poſſeſſion, ſtipulated for an annuity, and abdicated the crown in favour of Bonbon, who united his dominions to thoſe of Franchipane.

Bonbec was nobly rewarded and well ſettled; ſhe was married to the man in the world that was fitteſt to live with her, for he could let her talk on inceſſantly without contradiction, or, what is more wonderful, without being ſtunned with the clack; this was a gentleman of Bonbon's, a very pretty

pretty fellow, whoſe only defect was, that he was born deaf and dumb.

The rejoicings laſted a long time throughout their vaſt ſtates; the nuptials were ſolemnized with uncommon magnificence.—Bonbon and his dear princeſs reigned a great number of years in profound peace, and left behind them ſo numerous a poſterity, that at this preſent hour their deſcendants are ſtill upon the throne.

THE END.